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THE
State of Rome,
UNDER
NERO and DOMITIAN:

A
SATIRE.

CONTAINING,

A List of Nobles, Senators, High Priests, Great
Ministers of State, &c. &c. &c.

By Messrs. JUVENAL and PERSIUS.

R Alter & Idem.



L O N D O N:

Printed for C. CORBETT, Bookseller and Publisher, at
Addison's-Head in Fleet-street. 1739.

(Price One Shilling.)

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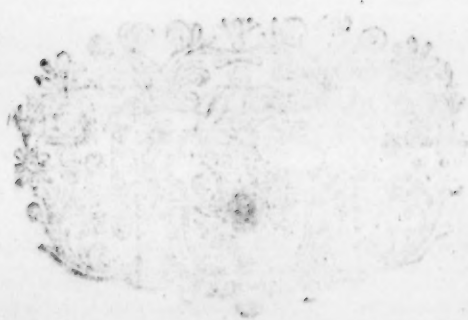
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With a Translation.



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T H E

State of Rome,

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WHAT! still be plagu'd and never take the
Scourge,

Whilst Loads of Venal Trash my Ven-
geance urge?

Shall *Sporus*' Epigrams, and *Codrus*' Odes,
Unpunish'd, haunt their Sovereign's *blest*'d Abodes?
Shall *Bulbus*, *Lubio*, all the hireling Hounds
Bark on, unlash'd, protected by their Gowns?
Shall *Scurrio*, *Eubulus*, and *A B C*,
Leave in the Chandler's Shops no room for me?
No, tho' the Stage be interdicted quite,
The Prefs yet open, *Romans* still may Write.
On then, and fearless rhyme in *Graccus*' Spite.

¹ *Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam,
Vexatus toties rauci Theseiae Codri?
Impune ergo mihi recitaverit ille togatas,
Hic elegos? impune diem consumpsenit ingens
Telephus? —*

*— Stulta est clementia, cum tot ubique
Vatibus occurras, periturae parcere chartae.*

But

But why, with Rage, I grasp the Satire's Rod,
² Why tread the Paths that keen *Lucilius* trod,
 Attend the Causes which my Ire provoke,
 When *Roman* Sailors feel the *Spaniard's* Yoke,
 By all forsaken, and despis'd by all,
 When *Latium* trembles at the Name of *Gaul*;
 When black Corruption spreads her Wings around,
 And Brib'ry, bare-fac'd, stalks the Senate Ground;
³ When *Fair Crispinus*, pretty Man of Wit!
 Dare's in his Master's Ear his Venom spit;
 Who trips about the Town in *Tyrian* Dye,
 A gaudy, glitt'ring, flutt'ring, teasing Fly;
 By whom each fair one may be---what? why fann'd,
 So fond's the *Thing* to shew his *Lady-Hand*.
 When butch'ring S---y may unhang'd go on,
 To make Men drunk, then stab 'em when h'as done;
 And hanging * athirst for human Gore
 Condemn his *half-try'd Culprits* by the Score,
⁴ When each Place swarms with such a shameless Crew,
 What Pen holds Gall to give e m all their due?
 And yet to see all this and to refrain,
 What Ribs of Iron can my Gall contain?

² *Cur tamen hoc libeat optius decurrere campo,
 Per quem magnus equos auruncæ flexit alumnus
 Si vacat, & placidi rationem admittitis, edam.
 Cum tener uxorem ducat Spado: Mævia Tuscam
 Figat aprum, & nuda teneat venabula mamma:
 Patricios omnes opibus cum provocet unus
 Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat.*

³ *Cum pars Niliacæ plebis, cum verna Canopi
 Crispinus, Tyrias humero revocante lacernas,
 Ventilet æstivum digitis sudantibus aurum.*

⁴ *Difficile est Satyram non scribere. Nam quis inique
 Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?
 Quid referam, quanta siccum jecur ardeat ira,
 Cum populum gregibus comitum premat hic spoliator
 Pupilli prostantis? ———*

Fierce Indignation boils within my Veins,
 To see big Sharpers proud with impious Gains
 Roll in their Cars, and boast their *knavish* Mains.
 5 With what Resentment must the Muse behold,
 The Wife brought over by her Spouse and fold,
 Who his taught Eyes up to the Cieling throws,
 Hears the Jobb done, then back to --- goes.
 What Age so vast a Crop of Follies bore,
 When was each Vice so dignify'd before?
 None, none can e'er out-do us --- future Times 45
 Can't add one Scruple to our present Crimes;
 6 Our Sons but the same Things can wish and do,
 Each Vice is at the highest it can go.
 Spread, Satire, spread thy Wings, and fearless fly
 To seize thy Prey, tho' lurking ne'er so high. 50
 If Nature could not, Anger would indite,
 And, thus provok'd, e'en *Codrus*' self might write;
 But hold, what Folly! how dar'st thou again
 Speak dangerous Truths, or spoken how maintain?

5 *Cum lens accipiat mæchi bona, si capiendi
 Jus nullum uxori, doctus spectare lacunar,
 Et quando uberior visitorum copia? quando
 Major avaritiæ patuit sinus? —
 Nil erit ulterius, quod nostris moribus addat
 Posteritas. —*

6 *Eadem cupient facientque minores
 Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit, utere velis,
 Totos pande sinus. dicas hic forsitan, unde
 Ingenium par materix? unde illa priorum
 Scribendi, quodcumque animo flagrante liberet,
 Simplicitas, cujus non andeo dicere nomen?*

When *Roman* Liberty's so far bereft
 The Honest Heart --- that scarce the Name is left.
 E're *Scandalum Magnatum* was begot
 7 No matter if his Lordship winch'd or not.
 But now if Freedom with the Great, you take,
 If into Rogues omnipotent you rake,
 ----- your Doom, or you must flie Abroad,
 To scape the Scourge of the devouring Rod.
 Muse be advis'd, be cautious of your Ears,
 Hold, hold in Time --- a Summons from the ----,
 A Summons from the ----, well let it come;
 'Twill be next Calend e'er I meet my Doom,
 And none in *Rome*, if such gross Vices thrive,
 Another Calend would be fond to live.
 By Heav'n I'am Sick on't --- 8 O were I convey'd,
 Where *Lapland* Ice obstructs the Merchant's Trade;
 When Vice in Triumph lords it thro' the Land,
 And titl'd Knaves support her on each Hand;
 When ev'ry Fool's prefer'd, when Villany
 Grows rich and great, and Cheats alone are free;
 When Beardless Misers, Brutes unknown before
 Wait hourly to be Bought at -----'s Door;

7 *Quid refert dictis ignoscat Mutius, an non ?*
 --- tecum prius ergo voluta
Hec animo ante tubas; galeatum sero duelli.

8 *Vultra Sauromitas fugere hinc libet, & glaciale*
Oceanum, quoties aliquid de moribus audent,
Qui Curios si mulant, & Bacchanalia vivunt,
Indocti primum :

When *B---s* and *T-----s* ev'ry where you meet,
 And *C---s* and *W-----s* choak up ev'ry Street ;
 9 When *W-----d*, the cock Priest, -- that puling Sot,
 Just flip'd the Shell, and in a Tunick got,
 Yet boasts ten Thousand Boobies in his Train,
 Gaping to catch the Ooze of his mad Brain;
 When *T-----te* both Sexes acts before
 A vile Indorser, and behind a Whore ;
 And 'twixt the Males of ---, Scenes are past,
 Which make old *D---*'s leud Nocturnals chaste.
 10 Say Rev. *S---n* what detested Clime,
 Taught *Lectrum*'s learn'd Sons so dire a Crime ?
 Thro' what curst Cause do these Distempers rage ?
 What, Why the base corrupt corrupting Age ; 90
 No liberal Science finds the least Support,
 No social Virtue meets one Friend at Court ;
 No Profit rises from the licens'd Stage,
 No License granted to the Truth-fraught Page ;
 11 None rais'd, none lov'd, but He who loves the Times,
 Who's skill'd in dark Intrigues, and plung'd in
 Crimes,

9 *Non tulit ex illis torvum Laronia quemdam
 Clamentem toties, ubi nunc lex Julia ? dormis ?
 Ad quem ita subridens : Felicia tempora, quæ se
 Morbis opponunt : habeat jam Roma pudorum.
 Hispo subit Juvenes, et morba pallet utroque.*

10 — O, pater urbis
*Unde nefas tantum Latiis pastoribus ? —
 Quando artibus inquit honestis
 Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta Laborum,*

11 *Quis nunc diligitur, nisi concius, et cui fervens
 Æstuat occultis animus Iemperque tacendis ?
 Græcum urbem — non possum ferre, Querites,*

Virtue and Knowledge all, aloud, deride,
Learning and Wit's industriously decry'd ;
No Bounty felt but what the Great advance
To glut the Scum of *Italy*, and *France*.

¹² Where rank Adult'ers break the Nuptial State,
And scarce a Bed but feels a Foreign Weight;
Where no one Woman for one Man seems meant,
But sooner with *one Leg* would be content:

¹³ In ev'ry Street the *Belides* appear, 105
And *Clytemnestra's* sprout up every where.

¹⁴ Here if one honest Man I chance to View
Above base Int'rest, and to Friendship true;
One Woman chaster than the common Crew. }

I rank them with the *Prodigies* of Fame,
And marvel whence the lovely Monsters came.

¹⁵ Worse than the Iron Age now onward moves
For constant Use our Vices so improves ;
That baff'd Nature's at a Loss to frame,
A Metal base enough to give the Age a Name :
'Tis Time, high Time to fly this shameful Place,
Where Truth nor Justice dare not shew the Face.

¹² *Antiquum et vetus est alienum, Posthume Lætum
Concuture, —
Unus Iberinæ vir sufficit? Ocyus illud
Extorquebis, ut hæc oculo contenta sit uno.*

¹³ *Occurrunt multe tibi Belides —
Mane Clytemnestram nullus tua Vicus habebit.*

¹⁴ *Nunc si depositum non inficietur amicus
Si reddat Veterem cum totâ ærugine follem,
Prodigiosa fides, & Tuscis digna Libellis*
¹⁵ *Nona ætas agitur perjorâque secula ferri
Temporibus querum sceleri not invenit ipsa
Nomen et a nullo posuit Natura metallo.*

(16) Here let *Arturius* live, and such as He,
Such Manners will with such a Land agree;
Chiefs who in Senates have the golden Knack
Of turning Truth to Lies, and White to Black.
Who build vast Halls to lodge their *wedded Whore*,
And by Excise and Taxes starve the Poor.

(17) Here *Sporus* live—and once more feel my Rage,
Once and again I drag thee on the Stage;
Male-female Thing, without one Virtue made,
Fit only for the *Pathicks* loathsome Trade:
Feeble and weak in all that's good and right,
And only strong in Impudence and Spite.
What tho' by Blood thou strut'st a gaudy Peer?
What tho' thou nestlest's in thy Master's Ear?
No Ill Man's happy — least of all are they
Whose Study's to corrupt, revile, betray.

(18) What's the Advantage *Junius*, or the Good
That you can boast a rich paternal Blood,
Vain are their Hopes who fancy to inherit
By Trees of Pedigree, or Fame, or Merit;
Tho' plodding Heralds, thro' each Branch may trace
Old Captains, or old Gen'als of their Race,

C

While

(16) ———— *Vivant ARTURIUS istic,*
Et Catulus: Maneant qui nigra in candida Vertunt,
Quis fucile est ædem conducere, flumina, Portus
Et præbere caput Dominâ venale sub bastâ.

(17) *Ecce iterum Crispinus; Et est mihi sæpe vocandus*
Ad Partes, monstrum nulla Virtute redemptum
A Vitiis, æger solaque libidine fortis:
Quid refert igitur, quantis fumenta fatiget
Porticibus, quanta Nemorum veſtetur in umbra?
Nemo malus felix, minime corruptor———

(18) *Stemmata quid faciunt? quid prodest, Pontice, longo*
Sanguine cenſeri?
Quis fructus generis tabula jactare cupaci
Corviſum.———

——— *Effigies quo*
Tot Bellatorum, ſi luditur alea pernox
Ante Numantinos?

While their base Deeds their Ancestors belie,
And grieve the Brass, that stands dishonour'd by.

(19) How can'st thou *Junius* in mock Triumph bear
Names gain'd by Conquest in the *Gallic* War?

(20) Who, who will call those Noble that deface,
By meaner Acts, the Glories of their Race?

Whose only Title to their Father's Fame,
Is couch'd in the dead Letters of their Name.

A Dwarf as well a Giant's Name may bear,
Or the puff'd As the Lyon's Mantle wear.

(21) To whom, you'll ask, is this Correction due?
Why really *Junius* it is meant for you.

Who deem your Person Second to Divine,
Because descended from a god-like Line,

Tho' yet but *one* illustrious Act you've done,
Forfok your Chief, and from your Colours run.

(22) Great Son of *Troy*, who e're extoll'd a Beast,
For being of a Race above the rest?

For

(19) *Cur Allobrogicis & magna gaudeat arâ
Natus in Herculeo Fabius lare? si cupidus, si
Vanus, & Euganea quantumvis mollior agna:*

(20) — *Quis enim generosum dixerit hunc qui
Indignus genere, & præclaro Nomine tantum
Insigni? Nanum cujusdam atlanta vocamus;
Canibus pegris Scabiæque Vetusta
Levibus, & siccae lambentibus ora Lucernæ
Nomen erat Leo.*

(21) *His ego quem monici tecum est mitri semro Rubelli
Plance,*

— *Tumes alto Drusorum Sanguine, tanquam
Feceris ipse aliquid, propter quod nobilis effes.*

(22) *Dic mihi, Teucrorum præles, animalia muta
Quis generosa putet, nisi fertiat, nempe volucrem
Sic ludamus Egun, facilis cui plurima Palma
Terret, & exultat tauca victoria circo
Nobilis hic, quocumque venit de gramine cujus.
Clara Fuga ante alios, & primus in Ægnore pulvis.
Sed Venale Pecus Corithes Posteritas &
Hirpini si rara jugo Victoria sedit.
Nil ibi majorum uspectus, gratia nulla
Umbrarum,*

*Ergo ut murmur te, non tuus punium aliquid dei,
Quod possum Titulis ncidere præter Honores,
Quos illis damus, & dedimus quibus omnia debes.*

For if fleet *Victor's* Progeny at last
 Prove's a mere Jade and in each Match is cast,
 No favour for the Stallion we retain,
 No Reverence for the weak degenerate Strain;
 That we may therefore you, not your's, admire,
 First, Sir, some Honour of your own acquire;
 Add to that Stock which justly we bestow
 On the great *Shade* to whom your Blood you owe:

(23) Let your own Acts immortalize your Name,
 Your Grandfires Glory will your Stains proclaim,
 And to a clearer Light expose your Shame.

" For still more public Scandal Vice attends,

" As he is great and noble who offends.

(24) But War's no more you'll say, there's left no
 Room,

To prove our Swords – the Soldier pent at home
 In Sloth and Riots places his Delight,
 Bumper's all Day, and Harlots ev'ry Night.

But hold, War's Rumour! mark the loud Alarms!
 Hark the shrill Clarion sounds to Arms, to Arms!

(25) Shou'd (Heav'n avert it!) any desperate Fate
 Summon all Heads and Hands to guard the State,
 Send quick *Arturius* to secure the Port,

" But where's the *Generals*, where do they resort?

Send to the Bagnio there you're sure to find

The unfledg'd *Hectors* coupling with their Kind.

(26) Go

(23) ——— *Miserum est aliorum incumbere Famæ,
 Ne collapra tuant Subductis testâ Columbâ.
 Incipit ipsorum contra te Stare Parentum
 Nobilitas, Claraque Facem preferre pudendis.
 Omne animi Vitium tanto conspectius in se
 Crimen habet, quanto Major, qui peccat habetur.*

(24) ——— *Damasippus ad illos
 Thermarum calices, inscriptaque Lintea vadit,
 Maturus bello Armenie.*

(25) ——— *Præstare Neronem,
 Securus valet hæc Ætas. Mille Ostia Cæsar,
 Mille; sed in Magnâ legatum quere Popinâ.
 Invenies aliquo cum percussione jacentem.*

(26) Go to the Booths where Feats of Fist are
shewn,

There you'll find *Carlo* from *Patincian* grown
A Boxer and the Scandal of the Town.

Room for the noble Master Champion — See
His mien Majestic shews his Quality.

(27) This very *Carlo* whom we lately saw,
Flutt'ring about with *Six* in his Landaw;
Is forc'd to make the Stage his last Retreat,
And owe, to *Harlequin's* Grimace, his Meat;
For now he's forc'd, since his Estate is lost,
To make --- act, or be himself a Ghost.

(28, Strange! He who knew so well to shake the
Dice,

And dext'rously to throw the lucky Sice;
To shun *Ames-ace* that swept the Stakes away,
Should leave no Gleanings for a rainy Day!

(29) Shameful are these Examples --- Yet we find
To *Britain's* Shame, far worse than these behind.

(30) Great Father of the Gods, when for our Crimes,
Thou send'st some heavy Judgment on the Times;
Some Tyrant King, the Terror of his Age,
The Type and true Vicegerent of thy Rage,
Thus punish him ---- Set Virtue in his Sight,
Dress'd in her Charms, with all her Graces bright;
But set her distant --- make him pale to see
His Gains outweigh'd by lost Felicity.

But

(26) ————— *A haedo principe minius
Nobilis: hæc ultra, quid erit nisi ludus? & illic
Dedecus urbi habes.*

(27) *Consumptis opibus Vocem, Damasppe, locasti
Sipario, clamorūm Ageres ut Phasma Catulli.*

(28) *Jure etenim id Summum, quid dexter Senio ferret,
Scire erat in Voto; damnosa canicula quantum
Raderet.*

(29) *Quid, si nunquam adeo fœdis adeoque pudendis
Utimur Exemplis, ut non pejora supersint?*

(30) *Magne pater Divum, Sævos punire Tyrannos
Haud alia ratione velis, cum dira libido
Moverit Ingenium ferventi tincta Veneno;
Virtutem videant, intabescantque relicta.*

But hold, hold Muse, you moralize too long,
 Come ! wake your Reader with some merry Song.
³⁴ Begin, *Calliope*, a Tale to sing,
 Of some past Booby, *Greek*, or *Roman* King.
 What Booby King ? Why *Nero* let it be ;
 Well, but his Times with * ours can ne'er agree.
 Um-- why that's true, --O no, not in the least,
 I only tell, and not apply the Jest.

³⁵ When he with whom the *Flavian* Race decay'd,
 The servile World with Iron Scepter sway'd,
 When strutting *Nero* reign'd, and venal *Rome* obey'd,
 On distant Coasts, where *Spanish* Turrets rise,
 A Fish was taken of a monstrous Size.
 The Wise Commander of the Boat and Lines,
 The Capture for the Emperor designs ;
³⁶ And now he reach'd the Stream, where Poor Remains
 Of *Alba's* Freedom still its Name retains ;
 The wond'ring Croud that to strange Sights resort,
 And choak'd a while his Passage to the Court,
 At length gives way ; ope flies the Palace Gate,
 The Turbut enters, and's received with State.

³⁴ *Incipe Calliope, licet hic confidere : non est
 Cantandum, res vera agitur.*

³⁵ *Cum jam Semianimum laceraret Flavius Orbem
 Ultimus, & calvo serviret Roma Neroni,
 Incidit Adriaci spatium admirabile Rhombi :
 Destinat hoc monstrum cymbæ linique Magister
 Pontifici summo.*

³⁶ *Utque lacus suberant, ubi, quanquam diruta servat
 Ignem Trojanum———
 Obstitit intranti miratrix turba parumper
 Ut cessit, facili patuerant cardine valvæ.*

* *Juvenal* wrote this Story in *Domitian's* Time.

³⁷ But, O hard Fate! the Palace Stores, no Dish
Afford, capacious of the mighty Fish.

¹ Call, *Cæsar* cries, my trusty Senate straight ;
This great Affair demands their sage Debate.
What with this *Spanish* Monster we must do,
Fathers, I'll graciously appeal to you.

The Hall is swept, the wise Patricians come,
To canvas, as they deem, the State of *Rome*.

² Cunning *Veiento*, lo! and by his Side
The great *Catullus*, leaning on his Guide,
Decrepid, yet a furious Lover He,
And deeply smit with Charms he scarce can see ;
Whose Levee's daily crowded with Resort
Of a depending, gaping, fervile Court.

³ Who grants all Honours of the Sword, and Gown,
Glads with a Nod, and ruins with a Frown ;
Who led his Emp'ror in a String, and sway'd
That Prince whom once the subject World obey'd ;

⁴ Who the stiff Pride of *Roman* Nobles broke,
And bent their haughty Necks beneath his Yoke ;

³⁷ *Sed deerat Pisci patinæ Mensura.*——

¹ ———— *Vocantur*
Ergo in concilium proceres.

² *Et cum mortifero prudens Veiento Catullo,*
Qui nunquam visæ flagrabat amore puellæ.

³ ———— *atque illi sellas donare curules ?*
Illum exercitibus præponere ?

⁴ ———— *Nam qui nimios optabit honores,*
Et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabit
Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior esset
Casus, & impulsæ præceps immane ruinæ.
Ad generum Cereris sine cæde & vulnere pauci
Descendunt Reges & sicca morte Tyranni.

Thus

Thus raising a top-heavy Tow'r, whole Weight
 Crush'd him at last --- no unexpected Fate;
 For few such Wretches to the Shades descend
 By a dry Death, or by a glorious End.
 None more cry'd up the *Fish*, --He, in it's Praise,
 With Zeal his Voice, with Zeal his Hands did raise.

⁵ Nor came *Veiento* short, but as inspir'd,
 With his great Leader's Gold and Spirit fir'd,
⁶ Prophetic, cries, The happy Omen see,
 Of fruitful Peace, or glorious Victory.
 Some captive King shall *Cæsar's* Prowess own,
 And proud aspiring *Gaul* come tumbling down.
 The Golden Age, O *Rome*! returns to thee,
 Thy Power unbounded, and thy Commerce free;
 The Merchant's Plunderer shall his Prey restore,
 And Harpies range the *Indian* Seas no more.

⁷ Old *Crispus* next, wanton, tho' old, appears,
 His Lust (tho' Power) not yielding to his Years;
 Who thinking the Debate perplex'd and long,
 Sate down and mus'd him with a bawdy Song.

Montanus' Belly next, advancing flow,
 Before the Sweating Senator did go.

⁸ *Crispinus* after, but much sweeter, comes
 Fainting beneath the Fume of *Indian* Gums.

⁵ *Non cedit Veiento, sed ut fanaticus Astro
 Percussus, Bellona, tuo divinat; & ingens,*

⁶ *Omen habes, inquit, magni clarique Triumphi:
 Regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno
 Excidet Arviragus.*

⁷ *— Venit & Crispi jucunda Senectus,
 Montani quoque Venter abest Abdomine tardus:*

⁸ *Et matutino sudans Crispinus amomo,
 Quantum vix redolent duo funera.*

⁹ *Pompeius* then, well skill'd in the Court Game
Of cutting Throats with a soft Whisper, came.

Reynardus next befouls the high Abode,
Spewing out *Sporus*' Nonsense by the Load.

Next him *Acilius* of an Age the same,
With eager Haste to the grand Council came,
In Temper mild, and blest'd with Share of Sense,
His Manners winning as his Eloquence ;
None abler to have fav'd the Land than he,
If, as his Thoughts were just, his Tongue were free ;
If it were safe to vent his Gen'rous Heart ;
But, *Nero* reigning, 'twas a dangerous Part.

If Power grown absolute Advice could bear ;

¹⁰ But what's so tender as a Tyrant's Ear ?

With whom whoever, tho' a Fav'rite, spake,
At each cross Vote expos'd his Whole at Stake.

This well he knew, and therefore never try'd,
As some Oafs did, to stem th'impetuous Tide.

¹¹ Then *Fuscus* sagely op'd his Mouth, and spoke,
With many a Hem! but what was the best Joke,

⁹ *Pompeius tenui jugulos aperire susurro:
Proximus ejusdem properabit Acilius ævi
Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, mite
Ingenium maria, ac terras; populosque regentis
Quis comis utilior, si clade & peste sub illa
Scævitiâ damnare, & honestum afferre liceret
Consilium.*

¹⁰ *Sed quid violentius aure Tyranni?
Cum quo de pluviis, aut æstibus, auc nimbo
Vere locuturi fatum pendebat amici?
Ille igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra
Torrentem. Nec civis erat, qui libera posset
Verba Animi proferre, & vitam impendere vero.*

¹¹ *Et qui vulturibus servabat viscera Dacis
Fuscus.*

Mistook the Case, till by *Catullus*' Look
Struck Dumb, he strait with Shame the Hall forsook.

The *Speaker* last uprises, from whose *Bill*
Sweet empty Sounds and honey Dews distil ;
And many a Word he spoke, and made much Pother,
Declaiming fine, on this, and that, and t'other.
At length the great, th' important Question's put ;
¹²Fathers, your Judgment, --- *Shall the Fish be cut ?*
O far, far be't from us, *Montanus* cries,
To do Dishonour to the noble Prize :
A Dish of finest Earth made deep and wide,
Fit to contain it whole, with Speed provide ;
¹³ And henceforth, let a Potter always wait,
To serve in these Emergencies of State.
He spoke, ---and straight his Council is observ'd :
With Joy he sees the Fish *entire* preserv'd ;
Well knowing, did they go beneath it's Skin,
They'd find it stink most *curse*dly within.

¹² *Quidnam igitur censes ? conciditur ? absit ab illo
Dedecus hoc, Montanus ait ; testa alta paretur,
Quæ tenuo mura spatiosum colligat orbem.*

¹³ ----- *Sed ex hoc
Tempore jam, Cæsar, figuli tua castra sequantur.
Viciis digna viro sententia.*

F I N I S.

They'd find it sink most wisely within.
 Well knowing, did they go beneath it's skin,
 With Joy he sees the Fish entire preserv'd;
 He spoke,---and straight his Council is observ'd:
 To serve in these Emergencies of State.
 And henceforth, let a Potter-always wait;
 Hit to contain it whole, with Speed provide;
 A Dish of finest Earth made deep and wide,
 To do Dishonour to the noblest Line:

Two towns were destroyed during
Deborah's Absentment; told this parable;
Quintana joined company; and she no less

2nd on 1st

